THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN™

VOL. 1 NO. 3 (OF 6) MAY $2.95/$4.75 CAN

ALAN MOORE • KEVIN O'NEILL

A Boy's Treasury of Medical Horrors

MOORE'S TORPOR A morbid affliction of the spirits which may be readily cured by electrical baths or leeching. Tends to afflict fops, wastrels, and those of a literary profession.

O'NEILL'S COMPULSION A visual counterpart to Tourette's syndrome found in artists and the users of public lavatories, impelling them to perpetrate lewd images. Madness and death are inevitable within 4-6 weeks.

THE GALLOPING DIMAGMALIWS A riotous disorder of the pigment, where the colouration grows more striking with each moment until finally nervous exhaustion is achieved. Rowing may prove helpful.

OAKLEY'S BULGE A medical term for the small swelling on the second finger caused by the over-use of a quill pen. Amputation, although extreme, must not be altogether ruled out.

St DUNBIER'S DANCE A particularly upsetting syndrome of hysterical fatigue, seemingly peculiar to those who labour in an editorial capacity. Exercise, prayer, and preparations of morphine may bring relief.

LEE & NEE Notorious "Resurrectionists" hung for supplying the medical profession with the fruits of their grave-robbing activities. Inspired the ghoulish children's rhyme: "Jimmy Lee and Johnny Nee, one's Director; one's V.P. By day seemly and well-bred; by night digging up the dead!"

GOD BLESS HER MAJESTY

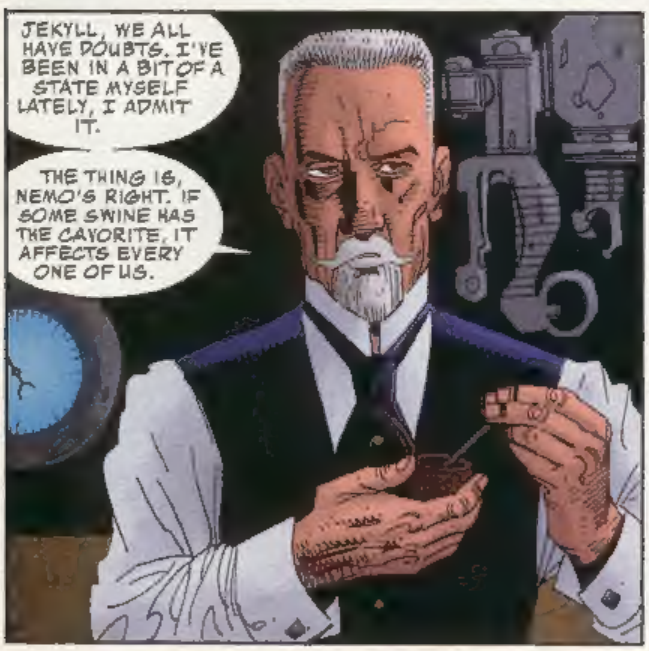
The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen #3 June 1999. FIRST PRINTING. America's Best Comics, LLC, Editorial Offices: 7910 Ivanhoe St., #438, La Jolla, CA 92037. The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen is ™ & © 1999 Alan Moore and Kevin O'Neill. America's Best Comics is ™ America's Best Comics, LLC. All Rights Reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Printed in Canada.

WELL, GENTLEMEN, AT LEAST WE NOW KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE.
BRITISH INTELLIGENCE, THROUGH CAMPION BOND AND HIS MYSTERIOUS SUPERIOR MR. "M", HAVE ASSEMBLED US TO THWART A PLOT AGAINST THE EMPIRE.

Ahehеh.
THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE. I'M HERE TO EARN A PARDON, AND PERHAPS A CURE.
THE ONLY EMPIRE I'M INTERESTED IN IS MY OWN : THE EMPIRE OF INVISIBLE MAN THE FIRST.

GRIFFIN, AN ENEMY OF BRITAIN HAS STOLEN ITS ONE SAMPLE OF CAVORITE, THE KEY TO THE MASTERY OF THE AIR.
YOU, TOO, COULD PERISH IN AN AERIAL BOMBARDMENT, UNSEEN AND UNMOURNED. WE ALL COULD.

W-WELL, FOR MY PART, I'M PREPARED TO HELP THE CAUSE AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. IT'S JUST THAT...
WELL, SOMETIMES I'M NOT MYSELF. I'M NOT SURE I CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED ON.


JEKYLL, WE ALL HAVE DOUBTS. I'VE BEEN IN A BIT OF A STATE MYSELF LATELY, I ADMIT IT.
THE THING IS, NEMO'S RIGHT. IF SOME SWINE HAS THE CAVORITE, IT AFFECTS EVERY ONE OF US.

WELL SAID, SIR. FOR A MOMENT THERE I ALMOST FANCIED THAT I HEARD THE QUATERMAIN THAT I READ OF IN MY YOUTH.
ARE WE AGREED, THEN, TO PROCEED WITH THE ASSIGNMENT AS PROPOSED?

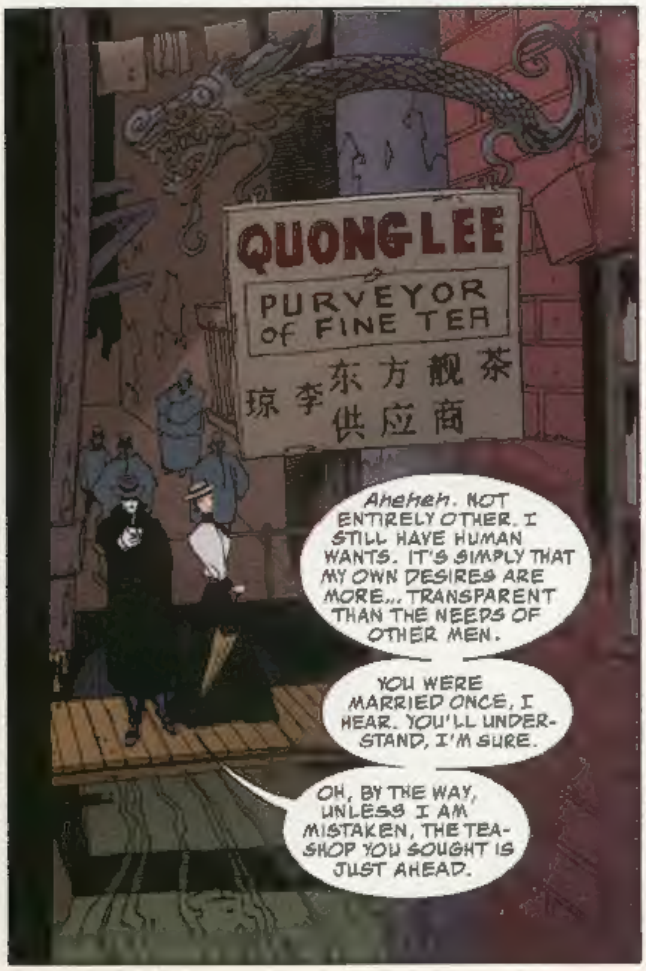
NO OBJECTIONS? VERY WELL.
WE ARE RESOLVED TO TRACK THIS "DEVIL DOCTOR" TO HIS DEN IN LIMEHOUSE AND RETRIEVE THE CAYORITE.
THE MOTION IS THUS CARRIED.
3:Mysteries of the East

"WE'LL FORM TWO TEAMS FOR A RECONNAISSANCE OF LIMEHOUSE, ONE COMPRISED OF MR. QUATERMAIN AND DR. JEKYLL, AND THE OTHER MR. GRIFFIN AND MYSELF.
"NEMO STAYS HERE ABOARD THE NAUTILUS... OUR BASE OF OPERATIONS, SINCE THESE WAPPINGS DOCKS ARE MUCH CLOSER TO LIMEHOUSE THAN OUR BRITISH MUSEUM HIDEAWAY.
"OUR INFORMATION ON THIS 'DEVIL DOCTOR' WOULD SUGGEST THE ASIATIC PEOPLES OF THE DISTRICT AS AN OBVIOUS PLACE TO OPEN OUR INVESTIGATION.
"IF AS MR. QUATERMAIN SUGGESTS HE HAS ACQUAINTANCES IN LIMEHOUSE, HE AND DR. JEKYLL CAN PERHAPS MAKE USE OF THEM IN LOCATING OUR ENEMY.
"FOR OUR PART, MR. GRIFFIN AND MYSELF WILL SEEK A TEA-SHOP OWNED BY ONE QUONG LEE, APPARENTLY UNRIVALLED IN HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE AREA.
"I NEED NOT STRESS THAT OUR ENQUIRIES MUST BE CARRIED OUT DISCREETLY. WE MUST NOT ATTRACT OUR FOE'S ATTENTIONS UNTIL WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE.
"TO THAT END, I SUGGEST RETIRING TO OUR INDIVIDUAL CABINS TO PREPARE FOR OUR EXCURSION. WE'LL MEET AT TEN ATOP THE WHARF."
Aheheh.
THERE.

GOOD LORD, GRIFFIN, YOU LOOK APPALLING. IS THAT GREASEPAINT?
WE'LL HAVE TO HOPE THE LIMEHOUSE SHADOWS HIDE WHAT MAKE-UP CAN'T.
COME WITH ME, MR. GRIFFIN. WE'LL LEAVE THESE TWO TO PURSUE THEIR OWN AFFAIRS.
Hmmmph. WELL, THERE THEY GO. I MUST SAY, I'M NOT TAKEN WITH THAT GRIFFIN FELLOW. I DON'T TRUST HER WITH HIM.
I HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT HIM. TO BE HONEST, I'VE MORE PRESSING WORRIES OF MY OWN...
THE THING IS, I DON'T TRUST ME WITH MYSELF.
ERUPTIONS ON MARS MAY BE VOLCANOES

地理
书

医生
YOU CLEARLY HAVE A LOW OPINION OF HUMANITY, SIR.
NO DOUBT THAT IS WHY YOU WERE SO EAGER TO BECOME SOMETHING ENTIRELY OTHER.
GOD, WHAT A SQUALID THING HUMANITY CAN BE! WOULD THAT THEY ALL MIGHT VANISH AND BE MADE INVISIBLE INSTEAD OF I.


QUONG LEE
PURVEYOR of FINE TEA
琼李东方靓茶供应商
Aheheh. NOT ENTIRELY OTHER. I STILL HAVE HUMAN WANTS. IT'S SIMPLY THAT MY OWN DESIRES ARE MORE... TRANSPARENT THAN THE NEEDS OF OTHER MEN.
YOU WERE MARRIED ONCE, I HEAR. YOU'LL UNDERSTAND, I'M SURE.
OH, BY THE WAY, UNLESS I AM MISTAKEN, THE TEA-SHOP YOU SOUGHT IS JUST AHEAD.

THANK YOU. I'D NOTICED.
AS FOR MY MARRIAGE AND YOUR LOWER URGES, I DON'T REALLY FEEL THAT THESE ARE SUITABLE SUBJECTS FOR CONVERSATION. I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE.
NOW, SHALL WE GO INSIDE?

MR. QUONG?

I AM QUONG LEE, PURVEYOR OF FINE TEAS. WELL, NOW, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A PRETTY LADY, AND...
...AND A GENTLEMAN.
YOU HAVE NOT COME FOR TEA, I THINK.

YOU ARE INDEED CORRECT, SIR. YOU WERE RECOMMENDED TO US BY A MR. CAMPION BOND...
Ah. THEN PERHAPS WE HAD BEST TALK SOMEWHERE MORE PRIVATE.
THROUGH HERE, IF YOU PLEASE.

I SEE THAT MR. BOND'S NAME IS FAMILIAR TO YOU.
PERHAPS YOU KNOW ALREADY WHY WE HAVE BEEN SENT HERE: WE SEEK INFORMATION ON A MAN THEY CALL "THE DOCTOR."

HE...
HE IS KNOWN TO ME.
YOU DON'T SOUND VERY KEEN TO DISCUSS HIM.
GRIFFIN, BE QUIET.
MR. QUONG, WE NEED TO KNOW THIS DOCTOR'S WHEREABOUTS. IT IS A MATTER OF DIRECT IMPORTANCE.
NATURALLY. WITH THE DOCTOR, ALL THINGS ARE.
THE WATERS LAP BENEATH THE HEAVENLY BRIDGE, THE DRAGON SLEEPS BELOW THE WATERS.
MY ADVICE TO YOU: DO NOT AWAKEN IT.
WE DIDN'T COME HERE TO HAVE OUR FORTUNES TOLD...
IGNORE MY COLLEAGUE'S RUDENESS, SIR, BUT CAN YOU NOT BE MORE DIRECT IN YOUR ADVICE?
WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU TO OFFER US, SAVE FOR YOUR PARABLES?
TEA.
FINE TEA.

QUONG LEE
FINE MARITAL TEA
Huh. WISDOM OF THE ORIENT, MY EYE! ALL BLUFF. HE CLEARLY DIDN'T KNOW A THING.
OH, QUITE THE CONTRARY. HE KNOWS FAR MORE THAN HE CAN SAFELY TELL.
ALL HE CAN DO IS HINT.
REALLY? I'LL WAGER IF I JUST WENT BACK THERE AND TOOK OFF THESE SPECTACLES, HE'D TELL US EVERYTHING.
BESIDES, WHAT KIND OF HINT WAS THAT? ALL THAT "THE DRAGON HOVERS OVER THE PAGODA" NONSENSE?
ALL TRAFFIC FOR THE ROTHERHITHE BRIDGE THIS WAY
THAT ISN'T WHAT HE SAID.
HE SAID THE DRAGON WAS BELOW THE WATER, AND THE WATER...
ALL TRAFFIC FOR THE ROTHERHITHE BRIDGE THIS WAY
THE WATER WAS BELOW THE BRIDGE.
FRYS
PERRY'S

NO MORE THAN SHE HAD TO. SHE WAS FRIGHTENED, LIKE THE OTHERS WE'VE APPROACHED
WHAT DID SHE SAY?
I TOLD HER I WAS AFTER OPIUM SHE MENTIONED SOMEONE CALLED HO LING AT SHANGHAI CHARLIE'S.

Y-YOU AREN'T REALLY SEEKING OPIUM, ARE YOU?
NO. RATHER SURPRISINGLY, I'M NOT
IT'S A FUNNY THING BUT I'D MUCH RATHER FACE A HORDE OF SCREAMING BANTUS THAN RECEIVE ANOTHER TICKING OFF FROM OUR MISS MURRAY

SHE'S A RUM SORT, ISN'T SHE?
NEITHER CAN I. APPARENTLY SOMETHING GRASTLY HAPPENED TO HER LAST YEAR, BUT SHE DOESN'T TALK ABOUT IT
I CAN'T SEE WHAT SHE'S DOING WITH NOTORIOUS TYPES LIKE US.

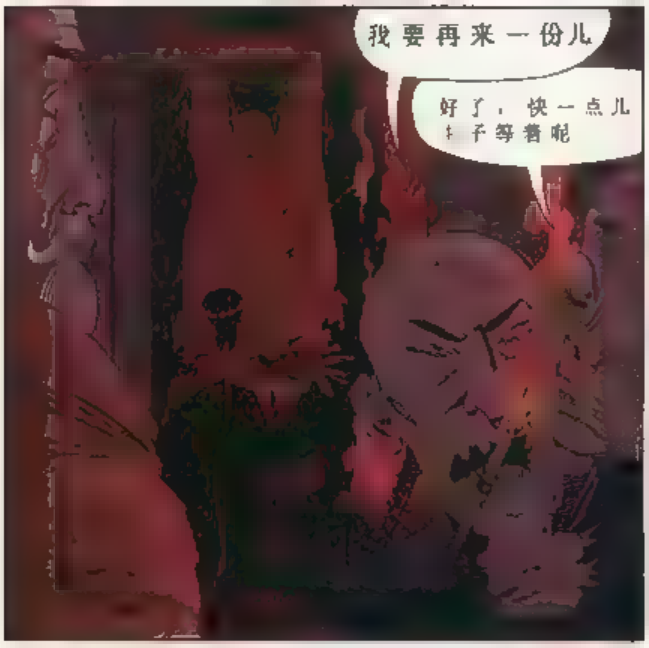
SHE DIVORCED HER HUSBAND, RATHER A RELIEF FOR THE POOR FELLOW, I IMAGINE ... AND NOW SHE MOPES ROUND IN THAT BLOODY SCARF ALL DAY
INFURIATING WOMAN
LIKE MY FIRST WIFE IN A LOT OF WAYS

Hmm. VERY STRIKING PROFILE, THOUGH, DON'T YOU AGREE?
IS THIS OPIUM DEN VERY FAR?
WELL, AS FOR MISS MURRAY'S PROFILE I CAN'T SAY I'D NOTICED AS FOR SHANGHAI CHARLIE'S, ON THE OTHER HAND

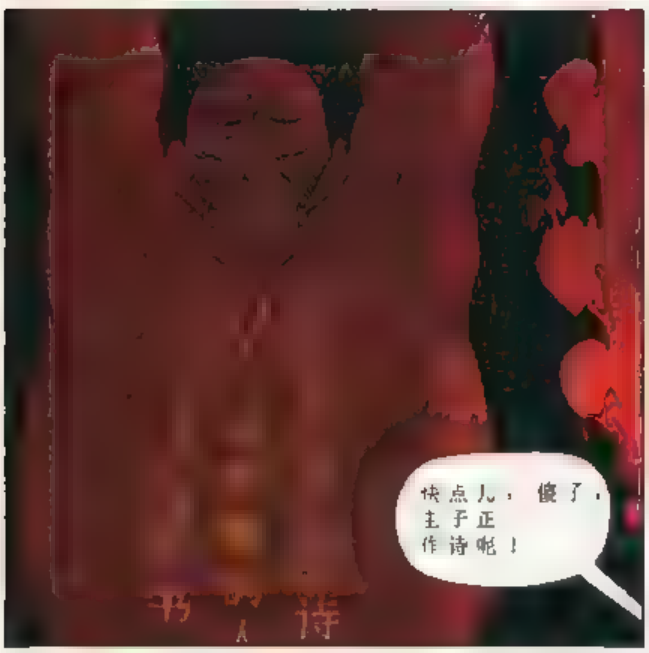
SHEN YAN BARBER
...IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF US
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE? I'M NERVOUS ENOUGH ALREADY. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING SETTING OFF ONE OF MY ATTACKS
DON'T LET THE BARBER'S SIGN DECEIVE YOU. AS I RECALL, SHEN YAN IS SHANGHAI CHARLIE'S REAL NAME
AS FOR EVERYTHING ELSE JUST STAY CALM AND FOLLOW MY LEAD
AH NOBLE SHEN YAN. I WONDER CAN YOU HELP ME? I AM LOOKING FOR MY FRIEND HO LING
I THINK THAT HE HAS SOMETHING FOR ME
HO LING IS AT THE REAR, CONSULTING WITH THE MANAGER HE MUST NOT BE DISTURBED
HO LING WAS NOT TOO GOOD A FRIEND OF YOURS, I HOPE?

WAS ?
OH YOU MEAN HO LING? THAT DOG? CERTAINLY NOT!
I, IT WAS MONEY THAT HE OWES ME THAT'S WHY I WAS LOOKING FOR HIM

IN FACT I..
UH
主子需要多些刨子这些要化了看这个废物 - 个

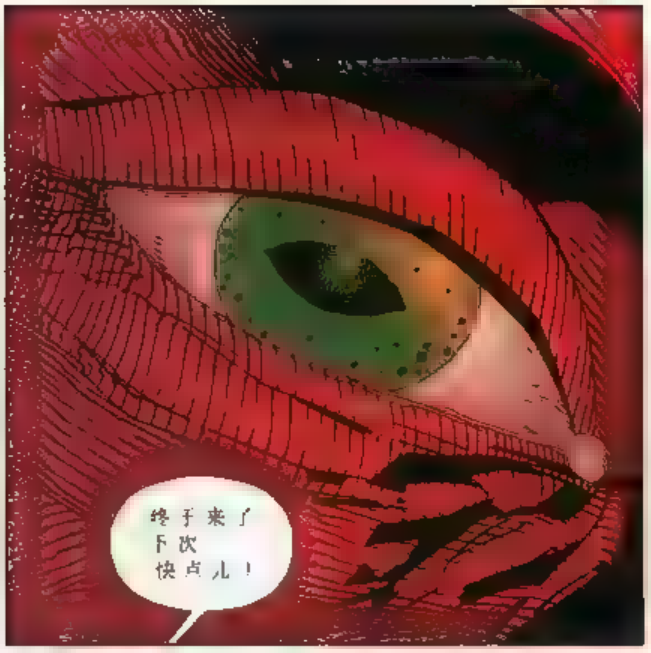

我要再来一份儿
好了，快一点儿主子等着呢

请原谅我这儿有一把新刨子

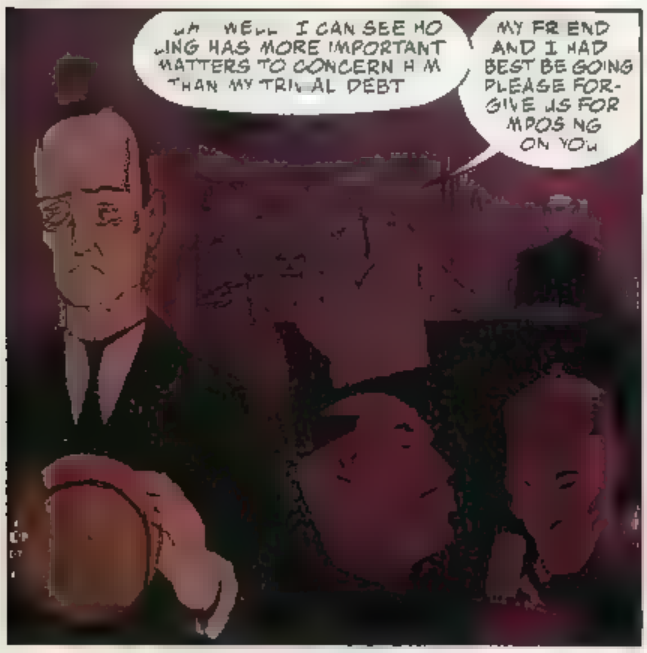

快点儿，傻了，主子正作诗呢！

看这儿！我找到一把

那给我吧，
我正
急着呢。


终于来了
下次
快点儿！

医生
你是谁？


UM WELL I CAN SEE HO WING HAS MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO CONCERN H M THAN MY TRIVAL DEBT
MY FR END AND I HAD BEST BE GOING PLEASE FOR- GIVE US FOR MPOS NG ON YOU

WAIT

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR STORY, SIR DOES NOT RING TRUE
TO ME, YOU HAVE THE LOOK OF ONE WITH A DESIRE FOR OPIUM. HOW LONG SOLD OPIUM. WHY DO YOU PRETEND HE OWES YOU MONEY?

UH, FORGIVE ME, WISE ONE TRULY, NOTHING CAN ESCAPE YOUR EYE
HO LING HAD PROMISED TO SUPPLY ME OPIUM, YET SOLD ME TAR INSTEAD IT WAS MY MONEY THAT I WANTED BACK

THEN WHY NOT SAY SO? LYING TO SHEN YAN COULD LEAVE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND THERE WITH YOUR THROATS CUT
I... I FELT FOOLISH TO BE GULLED BY SUCH A TRICK, LIKE A SCHOOLBOY

HA! YOU WERE RIGHT TO FEEL FOOLISH YOU DESERVE TO BE TRICKED
AND WHAT AILS YOUR FRIEND THERE?
H-HE'S SICK. HE NEEDS OPIUM BADLY, AND HE... UH... HE ATE THE TAR BY MISTAKE

HA HA HA! WHAT IDIOTS YOU ARE. BE GONE FROM HERE, AND GIVE THANKS THAT YOUR SORRY TALE AMUSED US.
THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOUR FACES, YOU WON'T BE SO LUCKY

YOU ARE VERY GRACIOUS MERCIFUL ONE WE WILL BE ON OUR WAY AT ONCE
COME ON JEKYLL! WHAT IN HELL'S NAME IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?

I--I WAS SCARED THAT THEY MIGHT KILL US
I M AFRAID I .. I ALMOST LOST CONTRO. I HAD TO WILL MYSELF TO REMAIN CALM
THANK GOODNESS THAT YOU DID. AFTER WHAT WAS IN THAT BACK ROOM YOUR GOING BER-SERK WOULD HAVE BEEN ALL THAT WE WERE SHORT OF
WHY? WHAT D D YOU SEE?
THERE WAS .. IT'S DIFFICULT TO DESCR BE. THERE WAS A MAN BE NG TORTURED. I ASSUME IT WAS HO L NG
HE MUST HAVE CHEATED H S MASTERS THEY WERE WRIT NG ON H M
N CAUSTIC PA NT
MY GOD HOW HORR BLE
I VE SEEN WORSE IT WASN T THE TORTURE THAT UNNERVED ME IT WAS THE MAN PERFORMING IT
I SAY "MAN," BUT .. JEKYLL, HE TURNED TO LOOK AT ME, H S EYES WERE...
I'LL TELL YOU, THAT ROOM WAS VERY MUCH LIKE HELL...
AND HE WAS VERY MUCH L KE SATAN

SO GENTLEMEN...
IT SEEMS THAT WE HAVE MADE SOME HEADWAY
WELL, I SUPPOSE IF YOU CALL NEARLY GETTING USED AS WRITING PAPER BY AN ORIENTAL DEMON MAKING HEADWAY
YOU SAW H M, THAT'S THE MAIN THING. NOW WE KNOW HE'S REAL
ADDED TO WHAT WAS LEARNED BY MR. GRIFFIN AND MYSELF, I RATHER TH NK WE RE GETTING SOMEWHERE
YOU MEAN YOUR FANC ES CONCERN NG ROTHERHITHE BRIDGE?
THEY'RE MORE THAN FANCIES, CAPTAIN EVERYTHING MAKES SENSE
THE BR DGE WAS BUILT TEN YEARS AGO AFTER THE PLANNED TUNNEL L NKING ROTHERHITHE AND SHADWELL WAS ABANDONED HALFWAY THROUGH AS COSTLY AND UNSAFE
MY POINT S THAT THE UNCOMPLETED TUNNEL S STILL THERE, BELOW THE RIVER
HOW IS THAT RELEVANT?

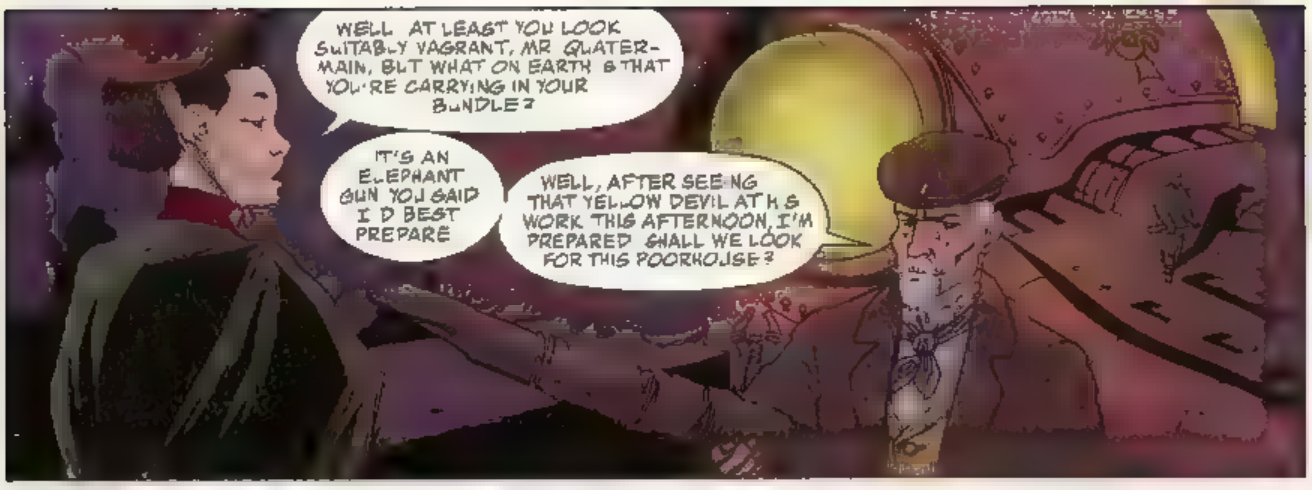
THE TUNNEL HAD AN OPENING IN LIMEHOUSE WHEN THE PROJECT WAS CLOSED DOWN, THE LAND CONCERNED WAS BOUGHT UP BY A CHARITY
THEY BUILT A POORHOUSE THERE ACROSS THE ENTRANCE OF THE HALF-MADE, USELESS TUNNEL
IT TRANSPIRES THAT THE FINANCIAL BACKER OF THIS CHARITY IS AN UNNAMED ORIENTAL BUSINESSMAN
AND YOU THINK THIS IS OUR DEVIL DOCTOR? SURELY THERE ARE LOTS OF ORIENTAL BUSINESSMEN THAT WORK IN LIMEHOUSE?
I TOLD HER THAT SHE THINKS SHE IS SHERLOCK HOLMES, BACK FROM THE DEAD
I THINK NO SUCH THING! RATHER, IT IS YOU MEN WHO TYPICALLY, ARE NOT DOING ANY THINKING AT ALL!
SHE IS RIGHT. I THINK I SEE MISS MURRAY'S LINE OF REASONING ON THIS
I MEAN, IF THIS CHINAMAN HAS STOLEN THE CAVORITE HE'S DONE SO FOR A PURPOSE
EXACTLY! THANK YOU, DR. JEKYLL. AT LEAST SOMEONE HAS CONSIDERED THINGS.
WHAT PURPOSE COULD THE LORD OF LIMEHOUSE HAVE FOR CAVORITE?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. CAVORITE IS THE KEY TO ANTI-GRAVITY.
AS MR BOND POINTED OUT, AN ENEMY OF BRITAIN WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY USE IT TO MAKE LETHAL AIRSHIPS WE ALL KNOW THAT!
WHERE WOULD THEY MAKE THEM?
THE MIDDLE OF OXFORD STREET PERHAPS?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? SO VILE A SCHEME COULD NOT BE CARRIED OUT IN PUBLIC!
IT WOULD HAVE TO BE A PLACE WHICH, THOUGH ADEQUATELY LARGE WAS HIDDEN AND CONCEALED. FOR EXAMPLE LIKE .

GOD, IT'S OBVIOUS! THE TUNNEL! HE'S BUILDING SOMETHING IN THE TUNNEL AND SO HE ERECTS THE POORHOUSE RIGHT ACROSS ITS MOUTH TO COVER IT.
HM TERRIBLY CLEVER, I'M SURE, BUT HOW DO WE GET IN?

THROUGH THE POORHOUSE, I'D IMAGINE SOME OF US MIGHT POSE AS BEGGARS AND OBTAIN A BED THERE. ONCE INSIDE WE COULD INVESTIGATE
NOT FOR ME NO MORE POSING AS A BEGGAR OR A SERVANT

AFTER ALMOST LOSING CONTROL EARLIER, I DAREN'T TAKE ON MORE UNDERCOVER WORK PERHAPS IF I REMAINED IN THE BACKGROUND, OFFERING REINFORCEMENTS IF NECESSARY?
VERY WELL THAT LEAVES GRIFFIN, QUATERMAIN AND MYSELF
WE'D BEST PREPARE GENTLEMEN


WELL AT LEAST YOU LOOK SUITABLY VAGRANT, MR QUATERMAIN, BUT WHAT ON EARTH S THAT YOU'RE CARRYING IN YOUR BUNDLE?
IT'S AN ELEPHANT GUN YOU SAID I D BEST PREPARE
WELL, AFTER SEEING THAT YELLOW DEVIL AT H S WORK THIS AFTERNOON, I'M PREPARED SHALL WE LOOK FOR THIS POORHOUSE?

OF COURSE GR FF N AND JEKYLL SHOULD BE N POSITION BY NOW
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'LL NEED AN ELEPHANT GUN AGA NST A DOCTOR?
THIS DOCTOR S AN OPIUM WARLORD OUT EAST THEY HAVE ENTIRE CRIM NAL SECRET SOCIETIES IN THE R EMPLOY, CALLED TR ADS
YOUR DOCTOR S THE FIRST TO EXPORT THIS IDEA

Hm. STILL, AN ELEPHANT GUN
IF YOU SAY SO HE S A QUEER ONE, ISN T HE?
AH, LOOK THERE S JEKYLL NOW GIVE HIM THE S GNAL SO HE'LL KNOW WE'VE SEEN H M
I WAS TALKING WITH HIM EARL ER I'VE NEVER MET A MAN MORE GUILTY OR MORE HAUNTED. NOT LIKE GRIFFIN ..
SHELTER

QU TE. OUR MR GR FFIN SEEMS UTTERLY NCAPABLE OF SUFFERING REMORSE
I RATHER THINK OUR SO-CALLED "ALIENISTS" COULD LEARN MUCH ABOUT CRIM.NAL INSAN TY BY TALKING WITH HIM
NOW, HERE IS THE POORHOUSE JUST AHEAD REMEMBER, WE'RE A MARRIED COUPLE OF GOOD CHAR-ACTER WHO'VE FALLEN ON HARD TIMES

YES? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
PLEASE, SIR ME AND MY ARTHUR HERE WAS SEEK NG BEDS, SEEING AS OW WE'VE NO PLACE TO SLEEP AIN T THAT RIGHT ARTHUR?
UH BLIMEY YUSS NOT ALF TA N'T STRIPE ME
HUH YOU MARR ED NO BE TOGETHER HERE MAN SLEEP ONE PLACE, LADIES DIFFERENT PLACE
NATURALLY I-- I MEAN, WE ARE MARR ED, BUT WE RE NOT THAT MARR ED ARE WE ARTHUR?
UM... LOVE A DUCK NO NOT ALF
VERY WELL. THEN IS BEDS HERE.
REMEMBER, IN HERE S NO DRINK MAKE MESS, YOU CLEAN UP.
WE'RE BOTH TEE TOTA. ME AND MY ARTHUR WE WON'T GIVE YOU ANY FUSS
GOOD. THEN YOU FOLLOW ME, AND
WHUHHH...
WHOA
WHAT?
WHAT THAT PUSH PAST? I FEEL IT PUSH
UH YES YES I FELT T. TOO KIND OF KIND, I EXPECT. DON'T YOU THINK ARTHUR?
GUS' O WND GOR BLIMEY YUSS
B-BUT.. NO NO, YOU R GHT JUST WIND
NS DE NOW YOU FOLLOW ME SLEEPING PLACE
YOU'RE VERY KIND, SIR IGN'T HE ARTHUR?
NOT ALF

WELL, WE'RE IN ... AND I TH NK GRIFF.N S IN TOO. WH.CH WAY NOW ?
WELL I SUPPOSE WE
Oh, GOD JU CK DC AS I DO

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU ?
MMMFF

OH! BLIMEY! YOU VE CAUGHT ME AND THE MISSUS AT IT!
IT'S JUST A GOODNIGHT K.SS BE A SPORT AND DON T LET ON

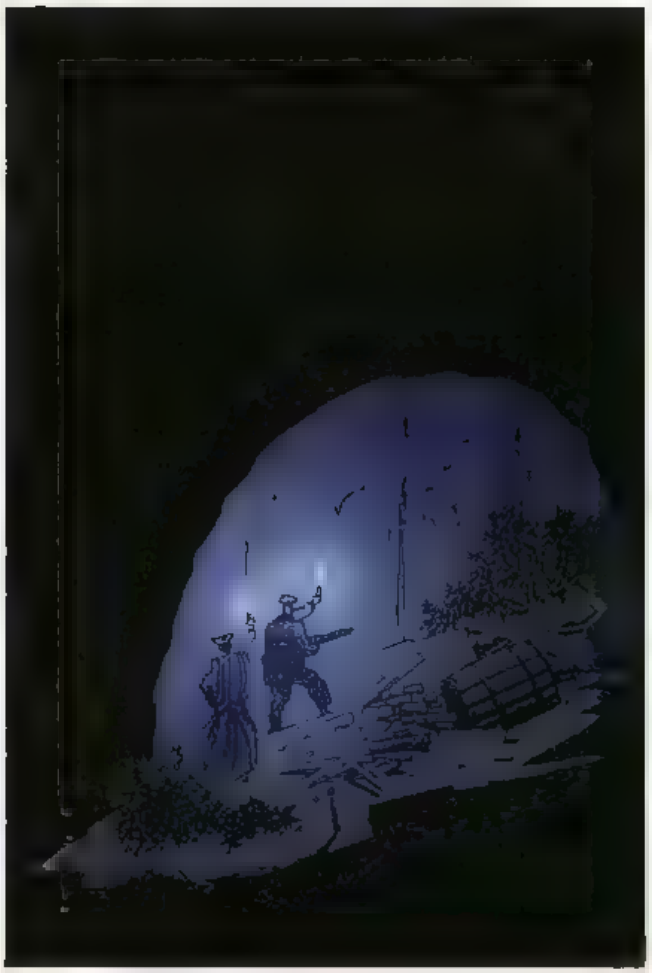
OOH, DON'T WORRY. I WAS YOUNG AND 'AD A CHAP MESELF, ONCE
YOU ENJOY 'IM WHILE YOU CAN, LOVE
YES YES THANK YOU GOODN GHT

SIR, IF YOU EVER ATTEMPT THAT AGAIN, I SHALL
DAMNIT, WOMAN, WE WERE IN A JAM! I ENJOYED IT NO MORE THAN YOU DID.

HMMPH
VERY WELL APOLOGY ACCEPTED
NOW, LET'S SEE IF THIS PLACE HAS A REAR EX T

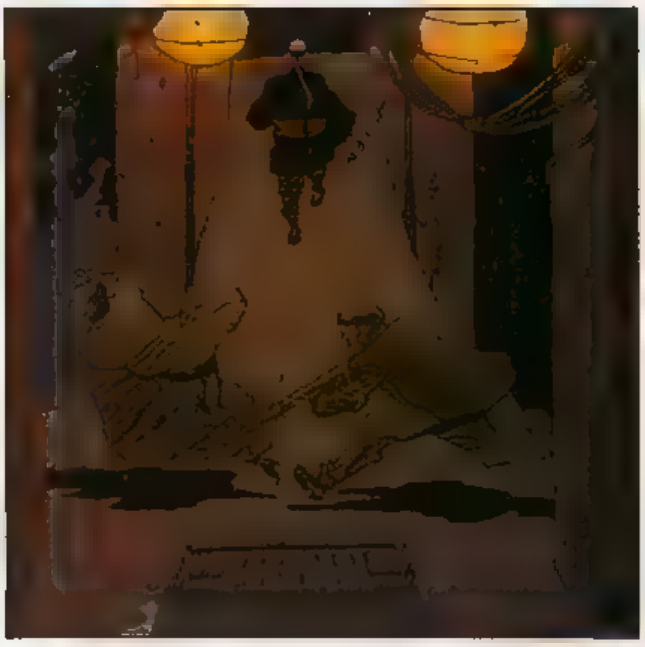
WELL, THERE S THE TUNNEL MOUTH I MUST SAY, IT DOESN T LOOK AS IF IT'S BEING USED FOR ANYTH'NG OUT-LANDISH. IT JUST LOOKS ABANDONED AND OVERGROWN
YES T DOES IN FACT, THE TUNNEL MOUTH S MORE OVERGROWN THAN THE REST OF TH S SITE WHY SHOULD THAT BE, DO YOU SUPPOSE?

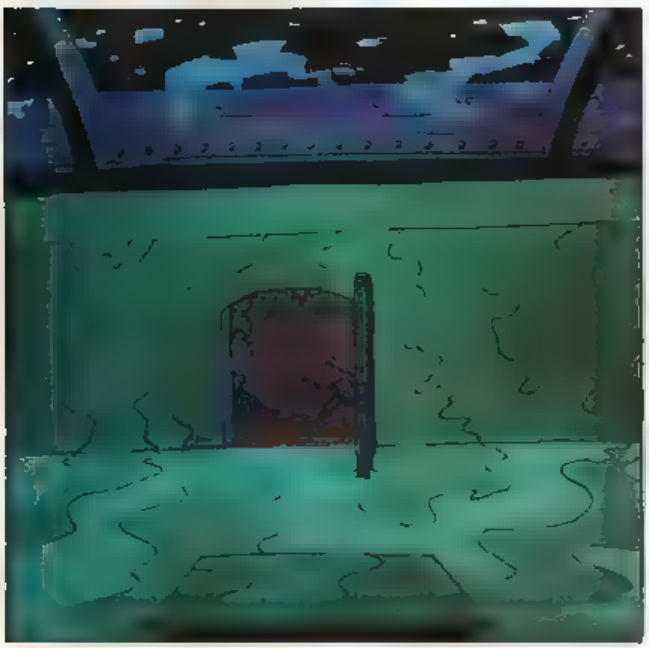
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN THESE MUST HAVE BEEN DELIBERATELY PLANTED HERE TO MASK THE ENTRANCE
RIGHT AND ALL THIS BUILDER'S RUBBLE SEEMS A BIT CONVEN ENTLY SITUATED TO MY EYE.
LET'S DIG A LITTLE FURTHER



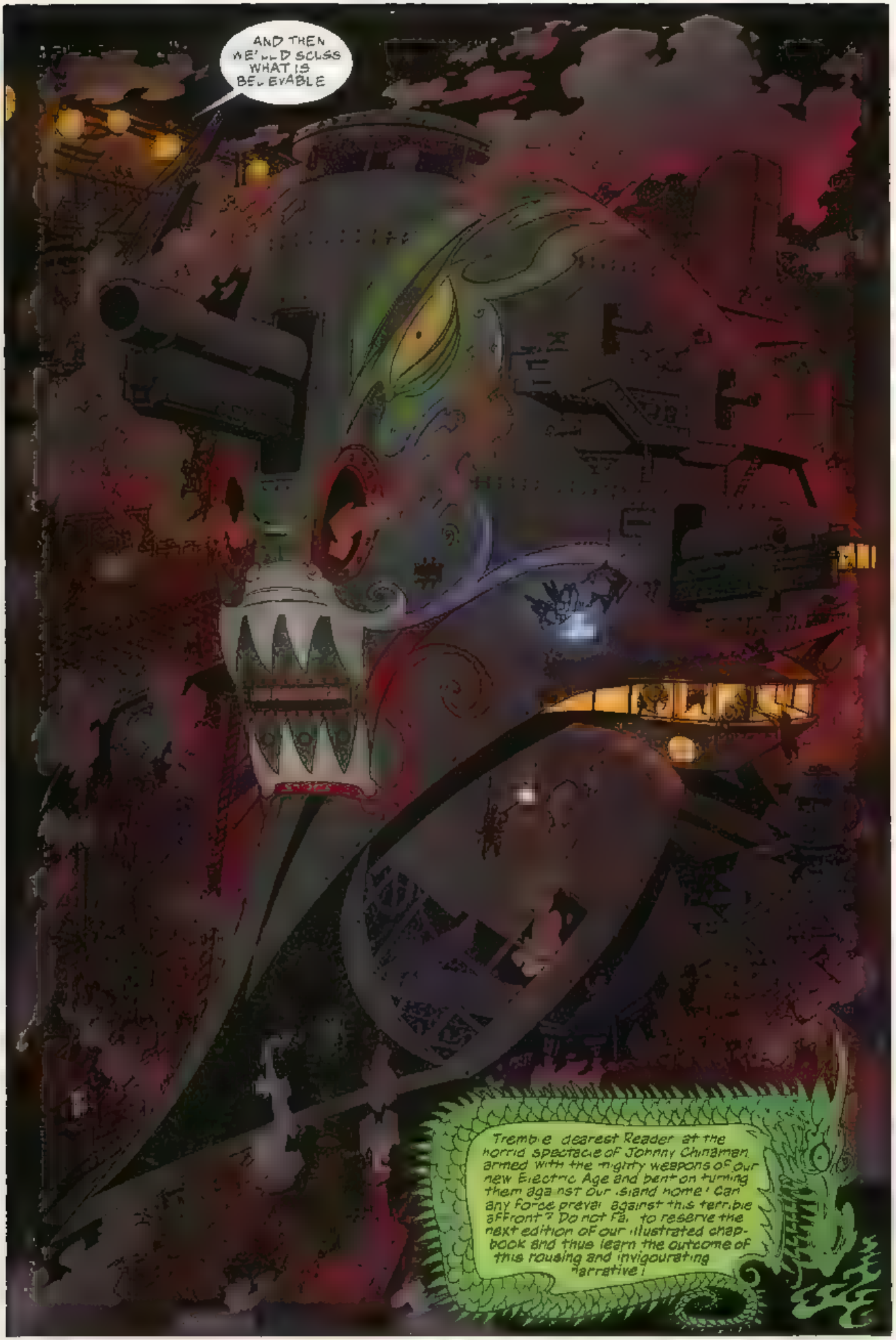
MORE RUBBLE, BLOCKING THE TUNNEL PERHAPS WE WERE WRONG AFTER ALL
WE HAVE TO KEEP LOOKING, ANYWAY
I THINK THESE STAIRS MUST LEAD TO ONE OF THE TUNNEL'S UPPER MAINTENANCE LEVELS...

I WAS RIGHT. THERE ARE CHINESE GUARDS UP HERE THE TUNNEL'S OBVIOUSLY BEING USED FOR SOMETHING
THEN LET'S PRESS ON.
I THINK I KNOW YOU AT LEAST WELL ENOUGH NOT TO SUGGEST YOU WAIT HERE





MISS MURRAY? DID YOU SEE THAT CHAMBER? IT'S GOT A ROOF OF GLASS THAT LOOKS UP THROUGH THE R VER-BED IT'S UNBE-LIEVABLE!
MR QUATERMAIN I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME AND LOOK AT THIS...


AND THEN WE'LL DISCUSS WHAT IS BELIEVABLE
Tremble dearest Reader at the horrid spectacle of Johnny Chinaman armed with the mighty weapons of our new Electric Age and bent on turning them against our island home! Can any force prevail against this terrible affront? Do not fail to reserve the next edition of our illustrated chapbook and thus learn the outcome of this rousing and invigourating narrative!

Allan and the Sundered Veil

Authored by Mr. Alan Moore
with Accompanying Illustrations
by Mr. Kevin O'Neill

CHAPTER III
IN THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX

Their knuckles blanched and tight upon the frigid brass rails of the open sphere that carried them, the four men tumbled through the smears of colour and half-realized forms that edged the canvas of Eternity. Outside the regimented centuries, they rode their glimmering and peculiar brazen craft down the etheric, surging waterfall of Time itself amidst the dull boom of the pouring aeons, blinded in the spindrift spray of instants. Allan Quatermain...or, at the least, his astral semblance ..clung to the posterior framework of their hurtling time-boat while the rushing storm-breath of cascading ages slapped and stung against his leathered cheek. He struggled to convince himself that this was all some lunatic phantasm conjured by the occult drug *taduki* he'd ingested at the crumbling country seat of Lady Ragnall where his mortal form still lay in a convulsive coma, but he strived in vain. The rushing chrono-chasm and the curious chariot upon which he and his companions shot the rapids of the hours were too immediate and real to be dismissed as mere hallucination. The acclaimed explorer knew within his very soul that were he for an instant to release his grip on the cold tubing of their vessel's rim then he would fall forever, lost and screaming in Infinity. No, this was neither lotus-vision nor mirage. Quatermain hugged the rail and swore beneath his breath.

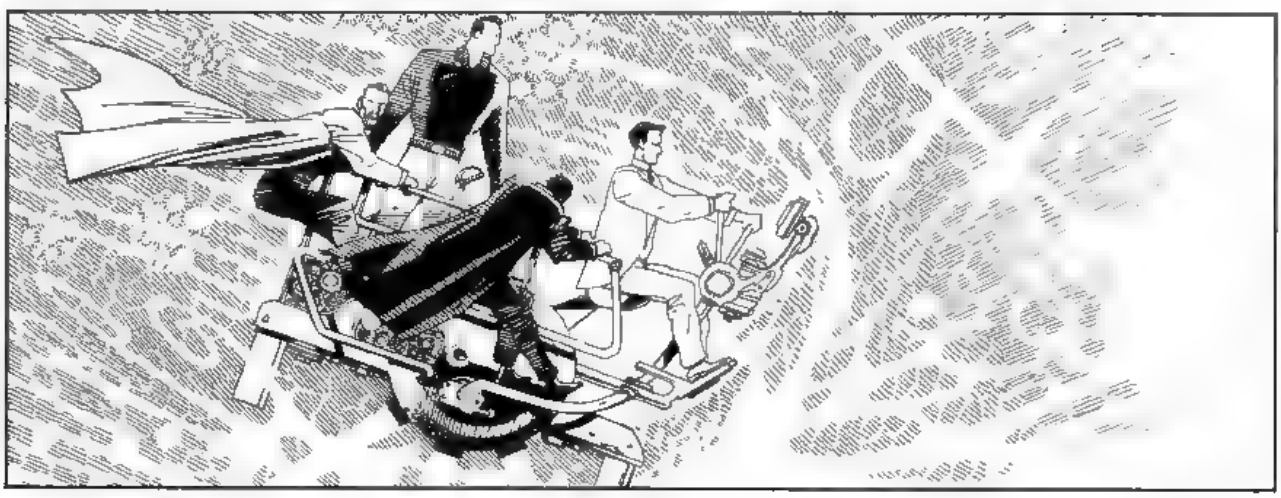
To Allan's right, clamped white and gasping to the Time-ship's starboard filigree was the dream-body of the young New Englander who claimed to be an astral voyager named Randolph Carter, drawn here from the future reaches of the twentieth century. Clasping their vehicle's intricate pipework opposite the pale and shivering young man, to Allan's left, was the more masculine and sturdy figure of another ectoplasmic traveler, this one originating in the recent past from times not long after America's bloody and tragic Civil War. By some fluke of the timestream it transpired that this grim, battle-weary figure in his flapping coat of dull Confederate grey was a relation, or, more accurately, ancestor to the timid Rhode Island student, being Randolph Carter's lost great-uncle John

Quatermain had encountered the two men while wandering in the shifting psychic landscape to which the *taduki* had transported him, not long before they were attacked by loathsome alien horrors that seemed native to that twilight realm. Only the intervention of the enigmatic individual whose epoch-spanning engine now transported them had saved the three dream-castaways from a near-unimaginable fate. Quatermain now turned his attention to this last of his co-passengers, who sat astride a saddle at the centre of the skeletal brass shape, expertly readjusting dials and levers sprouted from the chill bronze of his marvelous machine's control assembly. "The Time Traveler," he'd called himself, and judging by his dress he seemed to have his origins not far from Quatermain's own period, which was to say the last half of the nineteenth century.

"Hold on," their dapper helmsman shouted now, above the howl of the bilennia. "We're almost there!"

The incoherent, glittering continuum that seemed to spiral and rotate about them now appeared to slow, resolving into landscape. Eerie wilderness, though not without a haunted beauty, stretched on every side beneath a canopy of strangely altered constellations, as at last the brass-bound ship came to a halt. Quatermain and the other men stepped down unsteadily onto fine-powdered bonemeal sands that had, at least, the satisfying semblance of solidity

Rising from the bleached and calceous floor not far from where their craft had come to rest, a towering and flawless statue of pure alabaster stood in sharp relief against the plush, star-sequined velvet



of the night. Supine on its massive plinth the white Sphinx sprawled, its weighty feline forepaws resting one atop the other and its smoothly chiseled woman's lips creased faintly in a knowing, almost melancholy smile. It was towards this pristine, overpowering icon of enigma that the strange Time-mariner now strode, bidding his new companions follow in his wake.

Dismissing protests and inquiries from both Quatermain and the two Carters with a brisk shake of his head, the traveler took from his waistcoat pocket a remarkable key-like device made of blue crystal. Pointing this towards the statue's seamless, soaring base appeared to trigger some response within the monolith itself. A large trapezohedral section of the plinth slowly unfolded from the central mass and lifted with the softest purr of mechanism to reveal the entrance of a softly-lit interior concealed within the pallid marble block.

Entering this unexpected hidden room and bidding his three fellows follow him inside, their new friend made once more a gesture with his sapphire key at which the open segment of the sheer white stone descended once more to its previous position, with the trio sealed inside a gold-illuminated chamber, sparsely furnished in an odd quasi-Egyptian style and empty save for reassuringly untidy piles of books and other personal effects presumably belonging to their host.

Seating himself in a hieroglyphic-crowded alcove, Allan noticed a glass oval set into the wall directly opposite his vantage point. As if the framed shape were some magic mirror, images swam lazily across its egg-shaped surface that, after some moments, the explorer recognized as a slowly rotating view of the queer wilderness immediately beyond their chamber. As he watched, the Time-machine itself crawled into view, stood motionless in the skull coloured, starlit wastes. Allan supposed the purpose of this fascinating crystal screen was to allow the Sphinx's occupants to monitor the realm outside, but scarcely had he formed this thought than his attention was brought to the traveler who'd brought them here, now standing in the middle of the gently glowing chamber in a posture of address as he surveyed his guests.

"You're wondering, no doubt, whom I might be and, further to this, why I have delivered you to this appalling place."

Their rescuer paused here, as if to gather up his thought, before continuing.

"My name is of no consequence. Suffice to say that I am an inventor, formerly residing here in London, who perfected in the last years of the nineteenth century a means of traveling in time. I had adventures in Earth's farthest future after which, following a brief farewell visit to my own day, I have dwelled here in the phantom stream of decades ever since as an explorer, much like your good self."

The traveler here nodded congenially to Quatermain, who frowned in puzzlement by way of a response, unable to contain his curiosity.

"Now wait a minute! Did you just say 'here in London'? Do you mean to tell us that the barren plain beyond these walls is...?" Quatermain trailed off, incredulously, as the traveler completed his inquiry for him, with a rueful smile.

"Is London? I'm afraid so, though it is the London of a period some thousands if not millions of years after the decline of the metropolis that you yourself are more familiar with. London and England both are gone, the names made meaningless by these unending chalky drifts. Only this cryptic Sphinx would seem to have endured the ages, changeless and impregnable. I came across it...or an earlier incarnation of it...during my first jaunt through time, and I have since remodeled it to my own purposes."

"And just what purposes would those be, friend?"

It was the gruff Confederate who spoke, his shrewd and war-wise eyes unblinking as he weighed up their deliverer. The scientist gave a curt nod, as if acknowledging the soldier's question and its obvious validity, before continuing.

"I am afraid my answer will yield little comfort. Briefly, in my explorations of the chronologic flow, I have discovered something dreadfully amiss within the fields of human time. My sojourns in the stream of being have convinced me that our own material Universe, its past, its present and its future, is but one plane of a splendorous and infinitely greater structure that comprises nothing less than the totality of all Existence, manifested in both physical and spiritual dimensions. You will guess my horror, then, when I discovered that there seems to be a vast, near unimaginable *hole* torn in the fabric of Creation, and that certain atmospheres or entities are leaking through this dreadful and apocalyptic pit from *somewhere* else!"

Silencing a frightened exclamation of surprise from Randolph Carter, the Time-traveler continued.

"You yourselves encountered some of the more insignificant spawn of these vile, trans-existential beings shortly prior to my arrival on the astral plane to which your various adventures had transported you. Understand that I was actively seeking you there. All three of you are heroes, each in your own fashion, and I'm desperately in need of some assistance in my efforts to prevent further contamination of our Universe by these unfathomable alien grotesqueries."

Quatermain interrupted. "Would those be the things you speak of?" he said, pointing to the oval screen.

In the glass eye of the monitor-device, the previously trackless hinterlands beyond the safety of the Sphinx were suddenly aswarm with an insidious life. Awful and shambling simian forms whose greatest horror was the faint humanity remaining in their slack albino faces shuffled through the dunes outside, uncomfortably near the undefended Time-machine. Gaze fixed upon the shimmering crystal of his watching-glass, their host's voice burned with stifled anger as he spoke.

"A large trapezohedral section of the plinth slowly unfolded from the central mass . "

Allan and the Sundered Veil

"They're Morlocks, known to other eras as *Mi-Go*, or as abominable snowmen. While they're not the entities that I referred to, they appear to serve them. I had not expected to find them so far down-river in the flow of Time. If we'd prevent them wrecking my machine and thus stranding us here upon Eternity's bleak margins, we must be prepared to fight."

At this the timorous Rhode Island student gave a low moan of dismay, though his great-uncle seemed more cheered. The elder Carter drew his army-issue cutlass from its sheath and chuckled. "It's about time" was his sole remark. Producing from the chamber's further recesses a small selection of weighty mechanic's tools that might be used as weapons, the grim chrono-naut armed Quatermain, the younger Carter and himself before training his blue glass key upon the chamber door's interior.

"Be ready to rush out at them as soon as I raise up the door. If we can beat a path to my conveyance then I'll carry us from here towards a date less inhospitable."

At this the key pulsed once with a faint sapphire light and the trapezohedron that was entrance to the Sphinx's hollow base swung upwards soundlessly. Then everything happened at once.

Quatermain rushed out over the wan talcum sands, clouds of luminous dust at his heel. With the heavy industrial spanner his host had provided he swung his arm out in a great lethal arc that demolished one side of the blind, ape-like face looming suddenly in at him, out from the shadows. To one side he saw Randolph Carter fall screaming with one of the livid and shaggy monstrosities crouched on his back, but before he could leap to the youngster's assistance the Carter lad's great-uncle stepped from the darkness and took the brute's head off with one cutlass-swipe

By now the temporal argonaut had reached his precious machine, although not without blood, brains and ghastly white Morlock-fur clotting the carpenter's hammer that he so effectively swung. He was straddling his saddle and sparking the Time-vessel's engine to life as both Quatermain and Captain Carter helped Randolph into position upon the ship's framework The starry desert sky above them seemed to swirl and turn as the machine began to lift them from their desperate situation.

It was then that Quatermain felt something crash against him from behind. As snowy simian arms wrapped tight about his throat he realized that the grub-pale horrors were aboard the Time-machine.

To be continued

PITY the little CHIMNEY SWEEP!

Choking on soot, picture the tiny orphan there within his cramped and blackened shaft. Unschooled, unread and lost in darkness, happiness is far beyond his grasp for he shall never have occasion to peruse THE FOURTH EXCITING NUMBER OF OUR STIRRING PERIODICAL. To expire of a croup upon a doorstep at the age of nine is without a doubt a dreadful thing, but how much worse to never know THE PURE, UPLIFTING JOY of first-rate PICTO-SERIAL NARRATIVE? Order now, dear friends, and in this way alleviate the worst effects of both CHILD LABOUR and INFANT MORTALITY.

THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENTLEMEN

Number Four
Available in May
for only $2.95

AMERICA'S™ BEST COMICS

The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen is ™ & © 1999 Alan Moore & Kevin O'Neill. America's Best Comics is ™ 1999 America's Best Comics.

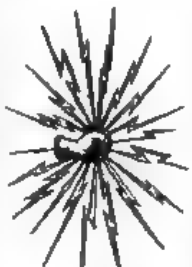
WHAT ARE

MR. C. B. HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS?

A BOON TO SUFFERERS.

THEY are an improvement on the galvanic couple of the celebrated German Professor Humboldt. They are exceedingly simple in their construction, very comfortable to wear, and from their constant action most efficacious as a self generating reservoir of electricity. They are entirely unique as a therapeutical adaptation of electricity, as they consist of a series of constant-current electric generators, which are in continuous action while the belt is worn. They contain also all the essential elements of the dry compress, so well known and appreciated in hydropathic treatment. Acting as they do upon all the most important organs of the body they rarely fail to alleviate most of the disorders resulting from acid or general debility, impaired digestion, weak circulation, or defective organic action.

These Genuine Electric Belts are exceedingly comfortable to wear, give wonderful support and vitality to the internal organs of the body, improve the figure, prevent chills, impart new life and vigour to the debilitated constitution, stimulate the organic action, promote the circulation, assist digestion, and promptly renew the vital energy the loss of which is the first symptom of decay. Their healing properties are multifarious. They stimulate the functions of various organs, increase their secretions, give tone to muscle and nerves, relax morbid constrictions, improve nutrition, and **Renew Exhausted Nerve Force.**



Note Address—

52, Oxford Street,

LONDON, W.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS

have stood the test for nearly twenty-five years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Company Limited, are the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of these now world-famed Curative Appliances, and, should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to their bona-fide character they are invited to call without delay at the Company's ELECTROPATHIC and BANDS INSTITUTE, 52, Oxford-street (at the Corner of Rathbone place), London, W., where they can see the Belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and press reports that have been received from all parts of the world.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS have proved an inestimable blessing to the

WEAK AND LANGUID.

PAMPHLET AND CONSULTATION FREE.

AVOID EXPENSIVE REPAIRS!!!!

"Use the "Safety" Wringer & Mangle

A PERFECT MANGLE
Framing of Wrought Iron.
Breakdowns Impossible.
Pressure Instantly Applied or Released

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

Children Cannot Crush their fingers.

Our Name and the word Safety are Cast on Every Machine

ENTWISLE & KENYON Accrington.

LUXURIOUS SMOKING.

Opera Puffs Cigarettes.

SALIVA PROOF.

WILL NOT STICK TO THE LIPS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

EVEN THE BEST OF US

have to go out of doors in the midst of rain and storms on errands of mercy, or on the regular duties of every-day life, and **even the Best of us** catch cold, contract chills, etc., which, if not properly attended to, may lead to serious consequences. **Even the Best of us** must ***be thankful*** for

GERAUDEL'S PASTILLES

the real remedy for coughs, colds, and lung troubles.

Six Dozen in a Tube for 1s. 1½d. Of all Chemists.

THE WISDOM OF ANTIQUITY REVEALED!

AMERICA'S™ BEST COMICS

Behold the MYSTIC SIGN revered throughout the ancient world as a sacred symbol of ILLUSTRATIVE EXCELLENCE, DASHING YARNS and LUSTRE OF EXECUTION. Our foremost spirit mediums will readily attest that meditation upon what the Pharaohs spoke of as THE LOGO OF GLORY will enrich one's life with ERUDITION, ENTERTAINMENT and EXCITEMENT, and may also grant one SUPERNATURAL POWERS and CONTROL OVER WOMEN. Commencing in April with TOM STRONG and continuing with PROMETHEA, TOP TEN and TOMORROW STORIES, AMERICA'S BEST COMICS promises a beacon of enlightenment in our benighted times, and an end to mortal care.

AVAILABLE COMMENCING IN APRIL

Premier issues for $3.50
Subsequent issues only $2.95

America's Best Comics is ™ 1999 America's Best Comics.

THE NOBLENESS OF LIFE!

PRIDE, *howe'er Disguised in its Own Majesty, is Littleness.*—WORDSWORTH.

THE HAND OF REASON.—In order to love Human Nature, expect little from them, in order to view their faults without bitterness, perceive that Indulgence is Justice which frail Humanity has a right to demand from the HAND of REASON, because the Wisest Man is always the Most Forgiving.—LYTTON.

A POWER SUFFICIENT TO RENOVATE THE WORLD.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT! or, in other words, to be VOID of SYMPATHY, the BRUTE which is always in HUMAN NATURE has the ASCENDANCY! The RECONSTRUCTION of SOCIETY, to DESTROY any form of ANARCHISM! A POWER sufficient to RENOVATE the WORLD.

THE LAST WORDS which JUDGE TALFOURD uttered from the Bench immediately before he died:—"If I were asked what is the great want of English society—to mingle class with class—I should say, in a word, SYMPATHY!" And, with the word sympathy trembling upon his lips, the spirit of that great judge passed away.

And such is human life, so gliding on. It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.

THE BREATH OF THIS LIFE. FRESH AIR! What is many thousand times more horrible than Anarchism, &c.? Outraged Nature!—She kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. The Moral!—*Avoid impure air and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'*

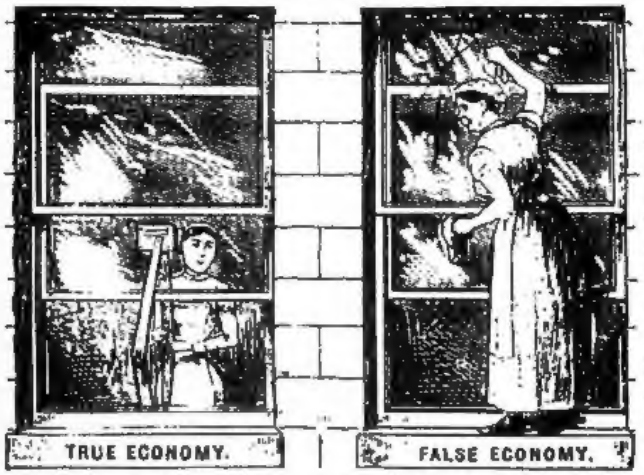
So might thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease gathered, not harshly plucked, for death.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is the best-known remedy: it removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood BY NATURAL MEANS, allays NERVOUS EXCITEMENT, SLEEPLESSNESS, DEPRESSION, and RESTORES the NERVOUS SYSTEM to its proper condition. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is PLEASANT, COOLING, SOOTHING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, and INVIGORATING. YOU CANNOT OVERSTATE its GREAT VALUE in keeping the blood PURE and FREE FROM DISEASE. It should be IN EVERY BEDROOM and TRAVELLER'S BAG (for any emergency). It acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as SUNSHINE does on the vegetable world, and removes BY NATURAL MEANS, without hazardous force, all foetid or poisonous matter. Its effect on a disordered or feverish condition of the system is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' *Without it, you have a worthless imitation.*

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

SOUTHALL'S PATENT WINDOW CLEANER.



TRUE ECONOMY.

FALSE ECONOMY.

MARY! Lawk o me, Bridget! how somever can you fashion to stand like that? Why don't you axe th' missus to buy a machine like this? Look how nice it does both sides at once, in a twinkin', and wrout goin' outside at all. If you'd had one o' these you wouldn't ha' smashed that square, and it wd ha' cost less."

HARRIET: Shute, shute, the mistress is too grady. And troth, what does it matther? Bedad, if I'm hilt won't Mickey, my husband, get lots o' money! I'm tould the law wl make him pay. Negorra; and then won't I have a laugh at them. Bad luck to the winday, it smashed wid me just touchin' it."

Is it possible that any lady will see her servant thus exposed, and let her run the risk of being killed, when a remedy can be had for the small sum of 7s. 6d.?

The Window Cleaner may be procured from any respectable Ironmonger, or direct from the makers on receipt of Postal Order, and will be sent to any address, neatly packed.

SOUTHALL BROS., Sole Makers, Headingly, Leeds.

GOLD MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS

Needham's Polishing Paste

Used by H.M. Dockyards

ESTABLISHED 1858.

The most reliable preparation for cleaning and brilliantly polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Plated, etc. Can be obtained retail everywhere. Sole Manufacturers:—

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield.

London Office—ST. ANDREW'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

BEFORE.

PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless; Will reduce 2 to 5lb. a week; acts on the food in stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by all Chemists.

AFTER.

Send stamp for pamphlet.

Botanic Medicine Co., 3 New Oxford st., W.C.

BATH CHAIRS from £2 2s.

IRON BATH CHAIRS & CARRIAGES FOR HOT CLIMATES

INVALID CARRIAGES

Of all kinds at low prices.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.

J. CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, London, W.

THE LITERARY MACHINE, Patented, for holding a book, writing desk, lamp, meals, umbrella, &c., in any position over a bed, sofa, easy chair, garden seat, boat or sea beach. As used by Princess Louise. Invaluable to students, invalids, artists, and tourists. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful and elegant gift. Prices from 9/6. Drawings post free. Bed Tables, 25s.; Invalids' Couches, Bed Rests, &c.—J. CARTER, 6a, New Cavendish-street, Great Portland-street, W.

D.R.-Patent. 8.

MIRACULOUS CIGAR-PIPE.

The Smoke produces charming pictures on small leaves in the tube. Amusing for every smoker and entertaining in society. Genuine Egriot Wood. 1s. 6d.; also for Cigarettes. Miraculous Tobacco Pipe, 1s. 6d. From two upwards post free to any address; from half-a-dozen upwards 20 per cent. discount. Postage stamps taken in payment.

HERMANN HURWITZ & CO.,
56, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

A STARTLING SHILLING NOVELTY.

THE YANKEE RUBBER WHORE.

Goes in the waistcoat pocket, blows out to life-size, is washable, durable and unbreakable. Resembles life, for, like the real article, it coos at pleasure, yet screams awfully if smacked. Even experienced adulterers are deceived by these winsome inflatable sluts, and no home can be a really happy one without their cheering presence.

In long white dress complete: Boys or Girls, 14 stamps. Twins, post free, 2s.

Address.—THE "FACSIMILEOGRAPH" COMPANY, Kemp Town, Brighton.

DENTISTRY.

THE Annexed Cuts faithfully represent the remarkable change of countenance effected by wearing the perfect-fitting Artificial Teeth for which Mr Lemmens is so justly renowned. They are adapted by a new and improved method, without pain or extraction of stumps, and defy the possibility of detection. Ill-fitting or defective sets remodelled on this principle at small expense. All operations are performed on the American and painless system. To prevent tedious waiting, ladies from the country would do well to make an appointment by letter, which would be carefully attended to. Those of limited means can be treated at half fees on Tuesdays and Fridays before 12 o'clock.—Only address, 162, Great Portland-street, W. (five minutes from either Oxford Circus or Portland-road Station).

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

SCRUBB'S Cloudy Household AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

1s. Bottle for six to ten Baths.

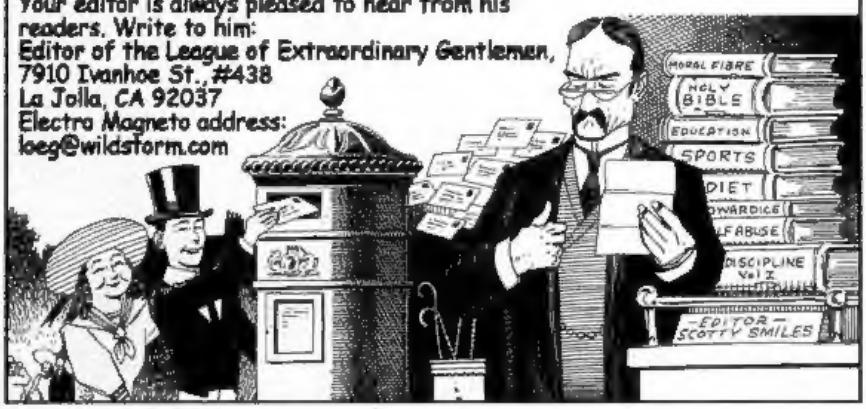
Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., 37b Southwark Street, London, S.E.

MANUFACTURERS OF SCRUBB'S ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP.

Letters to the Editor... SIR –

Your editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him:
Editor of the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen,
7910 Ivanhoe St., #438
La Jolla, CA 92037
Electro Magneto address:
loeg@wildstorm.com



Pause, kindly reader, and consider those less fortunate:

Miss Sophia "Baby Sophie" Rowbotham – "*Father's a drunkard, and Mother is dead.*"

Master Anthony Edward Slopes (Killed whilst pushing his infant brother from the path of a careening horse and trap) – "*I saved him, Mama, but could not save myself.*"

Mr. Timothy Dimmock (lamed by vice) – "*Look on these twisted limbs, boys, and turn back upon your ruinous path!*"

Dear Mr. Moore and Mr O'Neill –

Congratulations on the first issue of The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen. I wish I were writing this letter in December, but please believe the sentiment when I say, this is by far the best comic I have read all year.

Mr. Moore it is a pleasure to read a comic again that actually makes me feel stupid. This is what I have been waiting for, a comic rife with literary and historical references that had me wishing I had studied a little more. When the series is finished – which is my cue to ask you announce a second mini-series right now, so I can sleep a little easier – I would love a Cliff Notes version.

This is what has been missing from comics for too long. Too many writers apparently believe that when it comes to the reader, the rule of the day is to condescend – that means to talk down to. But if LoEG is a sign of what's to come with the rest of your line of ABC comics, Mr. Moore, then count me in.

From Mycroft Holmes as the head of the British Secret Service and finally a reason why James Bond's boss is called "M" to the Indian roots of Verne's Captain Nemo and characters from Poe's Rue Morgue, I was spellbound. And period touches from the credits page to the final page's next issue warning only added to the enjoyment.

As for Kevin O'Neill, seeing him draw the Nautilus alone was worth the price of admission. But, the Arabian opium den knife fight and chase takes the prize.

I guess I only have one question. Can you settle a bet between my buddies and me. Does the Invisible Man "appear" in issue one? I say yes.

Thanks again,
David Mandel

I have, Sir, be assured, passed on your missive to both Messrs. Moore and O'Neill for perusal. They convey their earnest gratitude for your encouragement, and, further to this, inform me that as Englishmen their chief delight lies in making Americans feel stupid. Indeed, no English social gathering or "At Home" is complete without a mumbling and abashed colonial, for the amusement of more literate guests. As for your other queries, allow me to reassure you that further adventures of our doughty players, still more breathtaking in scope, are planned for the conclusion of our current six-part serial narrative. However, while I must confess that I am unfamiliar with the Mr. Clifford Notes of whom you speak, should he attempt a "version" of our patent "Pictomatograms", you may be certain our response would be both speedy and severe. With regard to your last enquiry, since Mr. Wells' sublime creation "appears" nowhere in the premier number of our picture-publication save for the rear cover illustration, I conclude you have been drinking and most strenuously urge you to forsake this woeful and debilitating habit. Be a man, Sir! As the temperance hymn inform us, "The lips that touch a bottle shall never touch mine."

Dear Sirs –

Having lately lost my husband in a tragic firearms accident, I have the subsequent responsibility for rearing our two sons, Toby and Benjamin, without a father's aid or counsel, in addition to my unpaid work as a volunteer nurse. You will appreciate, therefore, that I am anxious to provide them with reading material that is both educational and morally instructive. It was with this in mind that I reserved a copy of your publication's first edition to pass on to them, amidst excited yelps of boyish gratitude. Imagine, then, my consternation when I later took a moment to study more closely the aforesaid periodical, only to find that it contained material of the most doubtful provenance. Sirs, have you no shame? Not only were my children and I forced to witness scenes of both monstrosity and violence, but were also made to suffer the most luridly depicted scenes of lust and drug addiction. Why, upon the very cover you have portrayed women with their ankles, knees and even the appendages of their maternity exposed. As a direct result of this unfortunate exposure to your so-called "comic" magazine, my previously carefree offspring have had innocence and childhood torn forever from their grasp. Toby, hitherto a cheery lad of twelve years who had always done well at school, now says he cares for nothing in the world so much as "trollops, absinthe and contemporary dance"; while Benjamin, a tender eight years old, is now a slave to hemp. How can you claim your product to be beneficial and uplifting in the face of this, one mother's tragedy?

I remain, Sirs, most indignantly,
Amelia Lumford (Mrs)
110, Holloway Rd.,
Highbury, London N

Madam, how dare you? By your own admission you are of that most disreputable and unnatural class of the female sex in that you "act the man" and must resort to manual employment. It is almost certain, therefore, that you are either a Sapphist or a harlot. As for your children, do you wish the two of them to grow up as d..... pansies? Why, you should instead be glad that our fine publication has awakened in them the appreciation of a healthy, masculine approach to life. Your worries about Benjamin are quite unfounded, as it is a well-known fact that many eight-year-olds pass harmlessly through stages of mild hemp addiction without ill effect. May we suggest that any damage to the minds or constitutions of your sons results instead from your own evident inadequacy as a mother? It is little wonder, Madam, that your husband shot himself.

Mr. Dunbier –

I'm a 40-year-old male, and as I expected, I enjoyed The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen. The Victorian heroes have a style and lingo quite unique to their historical period, and it's a joy to see them mixed together in Alan Moore's thoughtful, insightful style.

Having read Dracula, Allan Quatermain and the City of Gold, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Poe's Murders in the Rue Morgue, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea and the entire Sherlock Holmes oeuvre in my youth, I was able to identify some, if not all, of the characters in the book. However, a number of them stumped me. Who, for example, is Campion Bond? I've only read a few Ian Fleming books, and James Bond's father (or grandfather) weren't named in the ones I read (Dr. No and From Russia With Love). Should I assume a relation? And the only way I was able to ID Wilhelmina Murray was from the ads – I said I'd read Dracula, but I hadn't memorized every character's name!

My point – and I do have one – is that I'm probably fairly well read on Victorian literature for an American, and I was confused here and there. While cloaking these characters in mystery may turn out to be suspense or foreshadowing on Mr. Moore's part, it might be helpful to have a text page giving a hint to the background of the characters introduced, or at the very least a bibliography. Let the fans go read the originals if they are curious, but for Heaven's sake, tell them where they can go! I doubt your target audience is as well read on Victorian literature as we would all like.

Please, do not mistake the above for criticism, or unwelcome boorishness from a typical know-it-all fan. It's just a suggestion that might make an already outstanding effort more enjoyable for a larger audience.

Thanks for your time, and please feel free to forward this e-mail to interested parties, or use for publication.

Andrew Smith,
Germantown, TN

Sir, while your well-intentioned words speak of your obvious and charitable concern for those more poorly educated than yourself, we feel that it would be a grave mistake to mollycoddle such unfortunates within our readership by giving them a fighting chance at understanding what is going on. Did we give the Zulus or the Mahdi mutineers a chance? No, Sir, we

most assuredly did not! Where is the intellectual challenge or adventure for the reader to be found if we blandly assert, for an example, that the "Anna Coupeau" we refer to on page eighteen of our premier issue is associated with the writer Mr. Emile Zola? Better, you'll agree, if the reader in question wades through scores of pages detailing the squalid lives of Continental prostitutes and their untimely deaths from sepsis and venereal disease, thus to more properly absorb the moral and hygienic lessons that such works provide. If it consoles you, we may at some future date provide a glossary for those benighted readers who have not yet fathomed the correct use of a library-card, but this should only be resorted to with a deep sense of personal failure. Spare the rod, and you will spoil the child entirely. Heaven help us, Sir, if there's a war!

Sir –

Do the bestial paw and wristless hand on your first issue's back cover indicate that the monstrous Edward may prove less abominable and that the Invisible Man may be sighted? I await next printing's answer with an admixture of delight and still greater delight.

Your obedient servant,
Steve Lookner
Newton, MA

Brief and to the point, Sir; brief and to the point! If only all of the epistles we receive might have the elegance, brevity, and most of all the unqualified flattery of Mr. Lookner's missive, what a scented bower life would then become! We hope that recent issues have enriched your melange of delights with further minglings, still more delightful. We raise our hats to you, Sir.

Sir –

I found the first chapter of the tale of the League singularly enjoyable. As with his illuminating series covering the Gull murders, Mr. Moore has again captured my devotion. I herewith propose that the Empire may repose its entire trust in a second League of Extraordinary Gentlemen, simply to consist of the producers of this most diverting dreadful.

Yours, etc.,
Mark O'Keefe
Chappaqua, NY

You are too kind by far. The humble artisans who craft our tale each month could scarcely be considered gentlemen. Mr. Moore hails from a family of the lower orders that are monstrously inbred, amongst whom he is chiefly famed for his unique possession of a seventh nipple. Mr. O'Neill, to my certain knowledge, has been more than once convicted as a pick-pocket and cosh-boy. To the other sometime inmates of Marshalsea prison, he is known and feared as "Red Kev". Alas, as is so often the case with periodicals of this type, only lower sorts of person are contented with a niche as artist or mere writer, and it is only in the editorial ranks that one is likely to find traces of both breeding and nobility. I'm sure, however, that if our creative team could talk intelligibly without those appalling and impenetrable accents, they would thank you for your generosity; however misplaced it may be.

The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen #1:

By Jove, eh, wot? Campion, Mycroft Holmes, Quatermain, Capt. Nemo, Dupin, and was that Edward Hyde at the end?? So I gather "Miss Murray" was looking for Dr. Jekyll!

"Wilhelmina"? And she will "absolutely not" remove her scarf? Might that foreigner who ravished her be Count Dracula, and she wishes to conceal his, shall we say, marks of affection??

That shot of the Nautilus on pg. 10 was quite impressive, I must say! As is the Channel Causeway. I can't wait for its completion early in '02!

I assure you, Sirs, that I am not "the kind of vile, perfidious creature who will buy one issue of a journal and then callously abandon it to an ignoble fate".

I assure you that I have placed a standing order at my newsvendors (Mr. Tom Schriver of COMICS & MORE, Madison Heights, MI) for the remaining 5 periodicals! After all, how can I resist "episodes of a bawdy nature" and "controversial information on where babies come from"?? You just don't get that sort of thing out of THE TIMES, eh, wot??

Mr. R. Kowalski
Detroit, MI

We must congratulate you on your erudition and keen sense of observation both, along with your display of fine epistolary style and diction. Would that we might cease there and thus spare you public reprimand, but in all conscience, sir, and in your own best interests, we cannot. Here is the reason why: we note with dismay that the typographical contrivance upon which you have composed your missive is entirely lacking in that most useful of characters, the letter 'e'. For Heaven's sake, man, have you thought of the disastrous consequences should you ever make a written application for a job in banking? Would not prospective employers, spying your alphabetic difficulty, scorn your application out of hand, taking you for a foreigner with but a poor command of English, or, still more off-putting, an experimental novelist who dabbles in the avant-garde? Your typography, Sir, is the face that you show the world, and the lack of a vowel is no less disfiguring than the lack of a bottom lip, or the presence of a malformed nostril. In G....'s name repair your mechanism, Sir, or we fear that you will end life as a lowly crossing-sweeper.

SECRET CODE MESSAGE:
20-11/ 24-10-8-15-3/ 18-5-6-19-20-21-7/ 17-8-23/ 19-8-4-29/ 23-20-19-19-4-32/ 24-17-8/ 15-30-16-4-29-24/ 17-8-25-2-1/ 28-17/ 25-5-14/ 6/ 7-20-23-29-11-18-20-12-21-19/.

ANSWERS IN BRIEF:

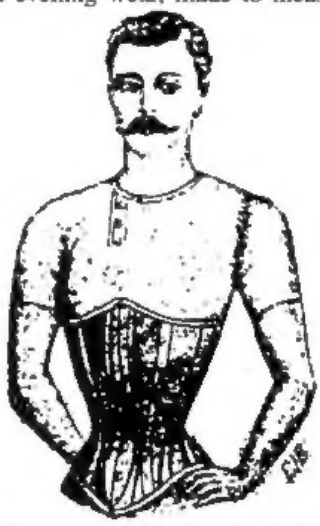
Discharge (W.E.) – Depends on how caused.

Brain, etc. (T.B.H.) – 1. You are of nervous temperament, but your trouble will cease as you get stronger. 2. No time to take a cold tub! Nonsense. You can't spare seven minutes? 3. Exercise.

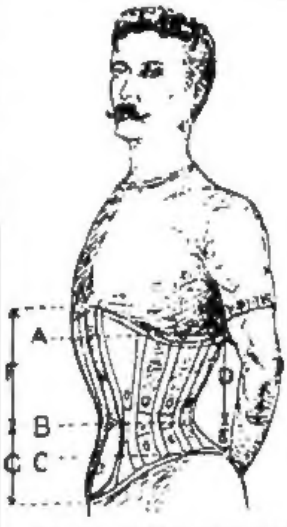
Height (Midget) – 1. No, you'll always be a mite. 2. No, not all the bicycles in the world. 3. It makes boys "softies", shortens life, and helps to fill the gaol and the asylum.

A Trinidadian – We never heard of the make, and we fail to understand why you should send from the West Indies to Germany for a bicycle.

THE NEW BELT – for day and evening wear, made to measure.



No.1 – THE MARLBORO



No.2 – THE KITCHENER

No.3 – THE CARLTON

MADAME DOWDING
8 & 10, CHARING CROSS ROAD
(Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square)
(ALL Communications STRICTLY PRIVATE in Belt Dept.)